TOM THUMB.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

Written by *Scriblerus Secundus.*

——*Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.* Hor.

The SECOND EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

A Preface is become almoſt as neceſſary to a Play, as a Prologue: It is a Word of Advice to the Reader, as the other to the Spectator: And as the Buſineſs of a Prologue is to commend the Play, ſo that of the Preface is to Compliment the Actors.

A Preface requires a Style entirely different from all other Writings; A Style for which I can find no Name in either the Sublime of *Longinus*, or the Profund of *Scriblerus*: which I ſhall therefore venture to call the Supernatural, after the celebrated Author of *Hurlothrumbo*: who, tho' no Writer of Prefaces, is a very great Maſter of their Style.

As *Charon* in *Lucian* ſuffers none to enter his Boat till ſtripped of every thing they have about them, ſo ſhould no Word by any means enter into a Preface till ſtripped of all its Ideas. Mr. *Lock* complains of confuſed Ideas in Words, which is entirely amended by ſuffering them to give none at all: This may be done by adding, diminiſhing, or changing a Letter, as inſtead of *Paraphernalia*, writing *Paraphonalia*: For a Man may turn *Greek* into Nonſenſe, who cannot turn Senſe into either *Greek* or *Latin*.

A Second Method of ſtripping Words of their Ideas is by putting half a dozen incoherent ones together: Such as *when the People of our Age ſhall be Anceſtors*, &c. By which means one diſcordant Word, like a ſurly Man in Company, ſpoils the whole Sentence, and makes it entirely Prefatical.

Some imagine this Way of Writing to have been originally introduced by *Plato*, whom *Cicero* obſerves to have taken eſpecial Pains in wrapping up his Sentiments from the Underſtandings of the Vulgar. But I can in no wiſe agree with them in this Conjecture, any more than their deriving the Word Preface, *quaſi Plaface, a Plato*: whereas the Original Word is *Playface*, *quaſi Players Face*: and ſufficiently denotes ſome Player, who

was as remarkable for his *Face*, as his Prefaces, to have been the Inventor of it.

But that the Preface to my Preface be not longer than that to my Play: I ſhall have done with the Performances of others, and ſpeak a Word or two of my own.

This Preface then was writ at the Deſire of my Bookſeller, who told me that ſome Elegant Criticks had made three great Objections to this Tragedy; which I ſhall handle without any Regard to Precedence: And therefore I begin to defend the laſt Scene of my Play againſt the third Objection of theſe * *Kriticks*, which is, to the deſtroying all the Characters in it, this I cannot think ſo unprecedented as theſe Gentlemen would inſinuate, having my-ſelf known it done in the firſt Act of ſeveral Plays: Nay, it is common in modern Tragedy for the Characters to drop, like the Citizens in the firſt Scene of *OEdipus*, as ſoon as they come upon the Stage.

Secondly, they Object to the killing a Ghoſt. This (ſay they) far exceeds the Rules of Probability; perhaps it may; but I would deſire theſe Gentlemen ſeriouſly to recollect, whether they have not ſeen in ſeveral celebrated Plays, ſuch Expreſſions as theſe, *Kill my Soul*, *Stab my very Soul*, *Bleeding Soul*, *Dying Soul*, *cum multis aliis*, all which viſibly confeſs that for a Soul or Ghoſt to be killed is no Impoſſibility.

As for the firſt Objection which they make, and the laſt which I anſwer, *viz.* to the Subject, to this I ſhall only ſay, that it is in the Choice of my Subject I have placed my chief Merit.

It is with great Concern that I have obſerved ſeveral of our (the *Grubſtreet*) Tragical Writers, to Celebrate in their Immortal Lines the Actions of Heroes recorded in Hiſtorians and Poets, ſuch as *Homer* or *Virgil*, *Livy* or *Plutarch*, the Propagation of whoſe Works is ſo apparently againſt the Intereſt of our Society; when the Romances, Novels, and Hiſtories, *vulgo* call'd Story-Books, of our own People, furniſh ſuch abundant and proper Themes for their Pens, ſuch are *Tom Tram*, *Hickathrift*, &c.

And here I congratulate my Cotemporary Writers, for their having enlarged the Sphere of Tragedy: The ancient Tragedy ſeems to have had only two Effects on an Audience, *viz.* It either awakened Terror and Compaſſion, or compoſed thoſe and all other uneaſy Senſations, by lulling the Audience in an agreeable Slumber. But to provoke the Mirth and Laughter of the Spectators, to join the Sock to the Buskin, is a Praiſe only due to Modern Tragedy.

Having ſpoken thus much of the Play, I ſhall proceed to the Performers, amongſt whom if any ſhone brighter than the reſt it was *Tom Thumb*. Indeed ſuch was the Excellence thereof, that no one can believe unleſs they ſee its Repreſentation, to which

* *Prefatical Language,*

which I ſhall refer the Curious: Nor can I refrain from obſerving how well one of the Mutes ſet off his Part: So excellent was his Performance, that it out-did even my own Wiſhes: I gratefully give him my ſhare of Praiſe, and deſire the Audience to refer the whole to his beautiful Action.

And now I muſt return my hearty Thanks to the Muſick, who, I believe, played to the beſt of their Skill, becauſe it was for their own Reputation, and becauſe they are paid for it: So have I thrown little *Tom Thumb* on the Town, and hope they will be favourable to him, and for an Anſwer to all Cenſures, take theſe Words of *Martial*,

Seria cum poſſim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, Tu, Cauſa es ——

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

By no Friend of the Author's.

Spoken by Mr. *JONES.*

WITH Mirth and Laughter to delight the Mind
The modern Tragedy was firſt deſign'd:
'Twas this made Farce *with* Tragedy *unite,*
And taught each Scribler in the Town to Write.

The Glorious Heroes who, in former Years,
Diſſolv'd all Athens *and all* Rome *in Tears;*
Who to our Stage, have been tranſplanted too;
Whom Shakeſpear *taught to Storm, and* Lee *to Woo,*
And could to Softneſs, ev'ry Heart ſubdue,
Grub-Street *has turn'd to* Farce.—— *Oh glorious Lane!*
O, may thy Authors never write in vain!
May crowded Theatres ne'er give Applauſe
To any other than the Grub-Street *Cauſe!*

Since then, to laugh, to Tragedies you come,
What Heroe is ſo proper as Tom Thumb?
Tom Thumb! *whoſe very Name muſt Mirth incite,*
And fill each merry Briton *with Delight.*

Britons, *awake!* — *Let* Greece *and* Rome *no more*
Their Heroes ſend to our Heroick Shore.
Let home-bred Subjects grace the modern Muſe,
And Grub-Street *from her Self, her Heroes chuſe:*
Her Story-Books *Immortalize in Fame,*
Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-Killer, *and* Tom Tram.
No Venus *ſhou'd in Sign-Poſt Painter ſhine;*
No Roman *Hero in a Scribler's Line:*
The monſt'rous Dragon to the Sign belongs,
And Grub-Street's *Heroes beſt adorn her Songs.*
To-Night our Bard, Spectators, *would be* true
To Farce, *to* Tragedy, Tom Thumb, *and* You.
May all the Hiſſing Audience be ſtruck Dumb;
Long live the Man who cries, Long live Tom Thumb.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Sent by an Unknown Hand.

Spoken by Miſs *JONES.*

TOM Thumb, *twice Dead, is a third Time Reviv'd,*
And, by your Favour, may be yet long-liv'd.
But, more I fear the ſnarling Critick's Brow,
Than Grizzle's *Dagger, or the Throat of Cow!*
Well then——Toupees, I warrant you ſuppoſe
I'll be exceeding witty on the Beaus;
But faith! I come with quite a diff'rent View,
To ſhew there are Tom Thumbs, *as well as you.*
Place me upon the awful Bench, and try
If any Judge can ſleep more ſound than I.
Or let me o'er a Pulpit-Cuſhion peep,
See who can ſet you in a ſounder Sleep.
Tom Thumb *can feel the Pulſe, can give the Pill;*
No Doctor's Feather ſhall more ſurely kill.
I'll be a Courtier, give me but a Place;
A Title makes me equal with his Grace:
Lace but my Coat, where is a prettier Spark?
I'll be a Juſtice——give me but a Clerk.
A Poet too——when I have learnt to read,
And plunder both the Living and the Dead:
Any of theſe, Tom Thumb *with Eaſe can be,*
For Many ſuch, are nothing more than He.

But, for the Ladies, they, I know, deſpiſe
The little Things of my inferior Size.
Their mighty Souls are all of them too large
To take ſo ſmall a Heroe to their Charge.
Take Pity, Ladies, on a young Beginner;
Faith! I may prove, in time, a thumping Sinner.
Let your kind Smiles our Author's Cauſe defend;
He fears no Foes, while Beauty is his Friend.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King Arthur,	Mr. *Mullart*.
Tom Thumb,	Miſs *Jones*.
Lord Grizzle,	Mr. *Jones*.
Mr. Noodle,	Mr. *Reynolds*.
Mr. Doodle,	Mr. *Marſhall*.
1 Phyſician,	Mr. *Hallam*.
2 Phyſician,	Mr. *Dove*.

WOMEN.

Queen Dollalolla,	Mrs. *Mullart*.
Princeſs Huncamunca,	Mrs. *Jones*.
Cleora,	Mrs. *Smith*.
Muſtacha,	Mrs. *Clark*.

Courtiers, Slaves, Bailiffs, &c.

SCENE *The Court of King* Arthur.

TOM THUMB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Mr. Doodle, *Mr.* Noodle.

DOODLE.

SURE, ſuch a Day as this was never ſeen!
The Sun himſelf, on this auſpicious Day,
Shines like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:
All Nature, O my *Noodle*! grins for Joy.

Nood. This Day, O Mr. *Doodle!* is a Day
Indeed, a Day we never ſaw before.
The mighty *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
Who bite their Chains, and frown and foam like Mad-Dogs.
He rides, regardleſs of their ugly Looks.
So ſome Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

Dood. When Goody *Thumb* firſt brought this *Thomas* forth,
The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O *Arthur!* did thy *Genius* reign.

Nood. They tell me, it is whiſper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, That this mighty Hero
(By *Merlin*'s Art begot) has not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Griſtle.
Dood. Wou'd *Arthur*'s Subjects were ſuch Griſtle, all!
He then might break the Bones of ev'ry Foe.
Nood. But hark! theſe Trumpets ſpeak the King's Approach.
Dood. He comes moſt luckily for my Petition!
Let us retire a little.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, *Lord* Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

King. Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day, ſhall loſe his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown again.
Smile, *Dollalolla*; —— Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow
Sits, like ſome *Mother Demdike*, on thy Brow?
Whence flow thoſe Tears faſt down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a ſwoln Gutter, guſhing through the Streets?
Queen. Exceſs of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks ſay,
Gives Tears, as often as Exceſs of Grief.
King. If it be ſo, let all Men cry for Joy,
'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, 'till they overflow my utmoſt Land,
And leave me nothing but the Sea to rule.
Dood. My Liege! I've a Petition ——
King. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be ſet apart for Bus'neſs.
To-day it is our Pleaſure to be drunk,
And this our Queen ſhall be as drunk as Us.
Queen. If the capacious Goblet overflow
With *Arrack-Punch* —— 'fore *George!* I'll ſee it out;
Of *Rum*, or *Brandy*, I'll not taſte a Drop.
King. Tho' *Rack*, in *Punch*, Eight Shillings be a Quart,

And

And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you ſhall have your Will.
[*Trumpets.*
But, ha! the Warrior comes; *Tom Thumb* approaches;
The welcome Hero, Giant-killing Lad,
Preſerver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, *attended*; King, Queen, *Lord* Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

King. O welcome, ever welcome to my Arms,
My dear *Tom Thumb!* How ſhall I thank thy Merit?
Thumb. By not b'ing thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;
My Duty I have done, and done no more.
Queen. Was ever ſuch a lovely Creature ſeen! [*Aſide.*
King. Thy Modeſty's a Candle to thy Merit,
It ſhines Itſelf, and ſhews thy Merit too.
Vain Impudence, if it be ever found
With Virtue, like the Trumpet in a Conſort,
Drowns the ſweet Muſick of the ſofter Flute.
But ſay, my Boy, where didſt thou leave the Giants?
Thumb. My Liege, without the Caſtle Gates they ſtand,
The Caſtle Gates too low for their Admittance.
King. What look they like?
Thumb. Like twenty Things, my Liege;
Like twenty thouſand Oaks, by Winter's Hand
Strip'd of their Bloſſoms, like a Range of Houſes,
When Fire has burnt their Timber all away.
King. Enough: The vaſt Idea fills my Soul;
I ſee them, yes, I ſee them now before me.
The monſt'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores,
Which, like as many rav'nous Wolves, of late
Frown'd grimly o'er the Land, like Lambs look now.
O *Thumb*, what do we to thy Valour owe!
The Princeſs *Huncamunca* is thy Prize.

Queen. Ha! Be ſtill, my Soul!
Thumb. Oh, happy, happy Hearing!
Witneſs, ye Stars! cou'd *Thumb* have ever ſet
A Bound to his Ambition—— it had been
The Princeſs *Huncamunca*, in whoſe Arms
Eternity would ſeem but half an Hour.
Queen. Conſider, Sir, reward your Soldier's Merit,
But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb.*
King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
Knows not a Name ſo glorious as *Tom Thumb.*
Not *Alexander*, in his higheſt Pride,
Could boaſt of Merits greater than *Tom Thumb.*
Not *Cæſar*, *Scipio*, all the Flow'rs of *Rome*,
Deſerv'd their Triumphs better than *Tom Thumb.*
Queen. Tho' greater yet his boaſted Merit was,
He ſhall not have the Princeſs, that is Pos'.
King. Say you ſo, Madam? We will have a Trial.
When I conſent, what Pow'r has your Denyal?
For, when the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.
Nood. Long Health and Happineſs attend the General!
Long may he live, as now, the Publick Joy,
While ev'ry Voice is burthen'd with his Praiſe.
Thumb. Whiſper, ye Winds! that *Huncamunca*'s mine;
Ecchoes repeat, that *Huncamunca*'s mine!
The dreadful Buſ'neſs of the War is over,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns the Toil.
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aſide,
And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.
So when ſome Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Has through dark Paths purſu'd the Sooty Way,
At Night, to waſh his Face and Hands he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickduſt* lies.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Lord Grizzle, *Solus.*

See how the cringing Coxcombs fawn upon him!
The Sun-ſhine of a Court can, in a Day,
Ripen the vileſt Inſect to an Eagle:
And ev'ry little Wretch, who but an Hour
Before had ſcorn'd, and trod him under Feet,
Shall lift his Eyes aloft, to gaze at diſtance,
And flatter what they ſcorn'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, *to Lord* Grizzle.

Queen. Well met, my Lord.
You are the Man I ſought. Have you not heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court reſounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.
Griz. I heard it, I confeſs —— for who, alas!
Can always ſtop his Ears —— but would my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had firſt been ſet on Edge.
Queen. Would I had heard at the ſtill Noon of Night,
The dreadful Cry of Fire in ev'ry Street!
Odsbobs! I could almoſt deſtroy my ſelf,
To think I ſhould a Grand-mother be made
By ſuch a Raſcal. —— Sure, the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Baſtard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was drop'd. —— O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear
To ſee him, from a Pudding, mount the Throne?
Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! ceaſe my Queen,
Thy Voice, like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my Brain.
Queen. Then rouze thy Spirit — we may yet prevent
This hated Match. ——

Griz.

Griz. We will.——Not Fate, itſelf,
Should it conſpire with *Thomas Thumb*, ſhould cauſe it.
I'll ſwim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll ruſh; I'll riſe; I'll roar
Fierce as the Man whom ſmiling Dolphins bore,
From the Proſaick to Poetick Shore.
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet, can we kill the Man who kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants firſt, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to a Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! Have you ſeen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thouſand proper Giants?

Griz. Indeed, I cannot poſitively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traytor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou envieſt *Tom Thumb*.
Go, Sirrah! go; hie away! hie!——thou art
A Setting-Dog——and like one I uſe thee.

Griz. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb ſhall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd.
So when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog ſmarts for what that Dog had done. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Queen, *Sola.*

And whither ſhall I go?——Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb*——but muſt not tell him ſo;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?

A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't.——I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb.*
Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb.*
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold! —Perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine,
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So when ſome Wench to *Tothill-Bridewell*'s ſent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging, ſhe's content;
She hopes, in Time, to eaſe her preſent Pain;
At length is free, and walks the Streets again. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Bailiff, Follower.

Bailiff. COME on, my truſty Follower, inur'd
To ev'ry kind of Danger; cudgell'd oft;
Often in Blankets toſs'd—oft Pump'd upon:
Whoſe Virtue in a Horſe-Pond hath been try'd.
Stand here by me.—This way muſt *Noodle* paſs.
Foll. Were he an Half-pay Officer, a Bully,
A Highway-man, or Prize-fighter, I'd nab him.
Bail. This Day diſcharge thy Duty, and at Night
A double Mug of Beer and Beer ſhall glad thee.
Then in an Ale-houſe may'ſt thou ſit at Eaſe,
And quite forget the Labours of the Day.
So wearied Oxen to their Stalls retire,
And reſt from all the Burthens of the Plough.
Foll. No more, no more, O Bailiff! ev'ry Word
Inſpires my Soul with Virtue.—O! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street—and nab him;
To lay arreſting Hands upon his Back,

And

And drag him trembling to the Spunging-Houſe.
Bail. There, when I have him, I will ſpunge upon him.
O glorious Thought! By the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in Thought!
Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.
So Lovers, in Imagination ſtrong,
Enjoy their abſent Miſtreſſes in Thought,
And hug their Pillows, as I now do thee:
And as they ſqueeze its Feathers out——ſo I
Would from his Pockets ſqueeze the Money out.
Foll. Alas! too juſt your Simile, I fear,
For Courtiers often nothing are but Feathers.
Bail. Oh, my good Follower! when I reflect
On the big Hopes I once had entertain'd,
To ſee the Law, as ſome devouring Wolf,
Eat up the Land,——'till, like a Garriſon,
Its whole Proviſion's gone.——Lawyers were forc'd,
For want of Food, to feed on one another.
But Oh! fall'n Hope. The Law will be reduc'd
Again to Reaſon, whence it firſt aroſe.
But Ha! our Prey approaches——let us retire.

SCENE II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Truſt me, my *Noodle*, I am wond'rous ſick;
For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For Oh!——but ſwear thou'lt keep it ever ſecret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee ſtare.
Nood. I ſwear by lovely *Huncamunca*'s Charms.
Thumb. Then know——My Grand-mamma hath often ſaid——
Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage.——
Nood. Sir, I bluſh
To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma.
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?

Think

Think of the Joy which will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces claſp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breaſt diſſolv'd in Bliſs,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in ev'ry Kiſs.

Thumb. Oh, *Noodle!* thou haſt fir'd my eager Soul;
Spight of my Grandmother, ſhe ſhall be mine;
I'll hug, careſs, I'll eat her up with Love.
Whole Days, and Nights, and Years ſhall be too ſhort
For our Enjoyment; ev'ry Sun ſhall riſe
Bluſhing, to ſee us in our Bed together.

Nood. Oh, Sir! this Purpoſe of your Soul purſue.

Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an Action againſt you.

Nood. At whoſe Suit is it?

Bail. At your Taylor's, Sir.
Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arreſt you, Sir, at his Commands.

Thumb. Ha! Dogs! Arreſt my Friend before my Face!
Think you *Tom Thumb* will ſwallow this Diſgrace!
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb ſhall ſhow his Anger by his Sword.
[*Kills the Bailiff.*

Bail. Oh, I am ſlain!

Foll. I'm murdered alſo,
And to the Shades, the diſmal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.

Thumb. Thus periſh all the Bailiffs in the Land,
'Till Debtors at Noon-day ſhall walk the Street,
And no one fear a Bailiff, or his Writ.

SCENE III. *The Princeſs* Huncamunca's *Apartment.*

Huncamunca, Cleora, Muſtacha.

Hunc. Give me ſome Muſick to appeaſe my Soul:
Gentle *Cleora*, ſing my fav'rite Song.

Cleora *ſings.*

Cupid, *eaſe a Love-ſick Maid,*
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty ſhould never ſigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleaſing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow through his Heart;
When One you wound, you then deſtroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.

Hunc. O, *Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*
Why had'ſt thou not been born of Royal Blood?
Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?
Or elſe the King of *Brentford*, *Old* or *New?*

Muſt. I am ſurprized that your Highneſs can give your ſelf a Moment's Uneaſineſs about that little inſignificant Fellow, *Tom Thumb.* One properer for a Play-thing, than a Husband. —— Were he my Husband, his Horns ſhould be as long as his Body. —— If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I ſhould not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc. Ceace, my *Muſtacha*, on your Duty ceaſe.
The *Zephyr*, when in flowry Vales it plays,
Is not ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet as *Thummy*'s Breath.
The Dove is not ſo gentle to its Mate.

Muſt. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband. Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court that looks ſo little like a Man. He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Subſtance, and almoſt without Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeneſs is unſeaſonable; deſiſt,
Or I ſhall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuſe, unleſs they love him.

Cle. Madam, the King.

SCENE IV.

King, Huncamunca.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.
[*Ex.* Cleora, *and* Muſtacha.
Daughter, I have of late obſerv'd ſome Grief
Unuſual in your Countenance, your Eyes

That,

That, like two open Windows, us'd to ſhew
The lovely Beauty of the Room within,
Have now two Blinds before them — What is the Cauſe?
Say, have you not enough of Meat or Drink?
We've giv'n ſtrict Orders not to have you ſtinted.
Hunc. Alas! my Lord, a tender Maid may want
What ſhe can neither Eat nor Drink ——
King. What's that?
Hunc. Oh! Spare my Bluſhes, but I mean a Husband.
King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whoſe Warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of ſlaughter'd Giants.
Whoſe Name in *Terrâ incognitâ* is known,
Whoſe Valour, Wiſdom, Virtue make a Noiſe,
Great as the Kettle Drums of twenty Armies.
Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?
King. *Tom Thumb.*
Hunc. Is it poſſible?
King. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
A Country Dance of Joys is in your Face,
Your Eyes ſpit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.
Hunc. O, there's a Magick-muſick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, ſince licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cauſe of all my Grief.
For him I've Sigh'd, I've Wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

SCENE V.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle.

Dood. Oh! fatal News — the great *Tom Thumb* is dead.
King. How dead!
Dood. Alas! as dead as a Door-Nail.
Help, help, the Princeſs faints!
King. Fetch her a Dram.
Hunc. Under my Bed you'll find a Quart of Rum.
[*Ex.* Doodle.
King. How does my pretty Daughter?
Hunç. Thank you, Papa,
I'm ſomething better now.

Enter Slave.

King. What Slave waits there?
Go order the Phyſicians ſtrait before me,
That did attend *Tom Thumb* —— now by my Stars,
Unleſs they give a full and true Account
Of his Diſtemper, they ſhall all be hang'd.

Dood. [*returns.*] Here is the Bottle, and here is the Glaſs.
I found them both together ——

King. Give them me. [*fills the Glaſs.*
Drink it all off, it will do you no harm.

SCENE VI.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle, Phyſicians.

1 *Phyſ.* We here attend your Majeſty's Command.

King. Of what Diſtemper did *Tom Thumb* demiſe?

1 *Phyſ.* He died, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, of a Diſtemper which *Paracelſus* calls the *Diaphormane*, *Hippocrates* the *Catecumen*, *Galen* the *Regon* —— He was taken with a Dizzineſs in his Head, for which I bled him, and put on Four Bliſters ——— he then had the Gripes, wherefore I thought it proper to apply a Gliſter, a Purge, and a Vomit.

2 *Phyſ.* Doctor, you miſtake the Caſe; the Diſtemper was not the *Diaphormane*, as you vainly imagine; it was the *Peripiluſis* —— and tho' I approve very much of all that you did —— let me tell you, you did not do half enough —— you know he complained of a Pain in his Arm, I would immediately have cut off his Arm, and have laid open his Head, to which I would have applied ſome *Trabifick* Plaiſter; after that I would have proceeded to my *Catharticks*, *Emeticks*, and *Diureticks*.

1 *Phyſ.* In the *Peripiluſis* indeed theſe Methods are not only wholeſome but neceſſary: but in the *Diaphormane* otherwiſe.

2 *Phyſ.* What are the Symptoms of the *Diaphormane?*

1 *Phyſ.* They are various —— very various and uncertain.

1 *Phyſ.*

2 *Phyſ.* Will you tell me that a Man died of the *Diaphormane* in one Hour —— when the Criſis of that Diſtemper does not riſe till the Fourth Day?

1 *Phyſ.* The Symptoms are various, very various and uncertain.

SCENE VII.

[*To them.*] Tom Thumb *attended.*

Thumb. Where is the Princeſs? where's my *Huncamunca?*
Lives ſhe? O happy *Thumb!* for even now
A Murmur humming skips about the Court,
That *Huncamunca* was defunct.

King. Bleſs me!
Ye Blazing Stars —— ſure 'tis Illuſion all.
Are you *Tom Thumb*, and are you too alive?

Thumb. Tom Thumb I am, and eke alſo alive.

King. And have you not been dead at all? ——

Thumb. Not I.

1 *Phyſ.* I told you, Doctor, that *Cathartick* would do his Buſineſs.

2 *Phyſ.* Ay, and I am very much ſurprized to find it did not.

SCENE VIII.

King, Thumb, Huncamunca, Phyſicians, Doodle, Noodle.

Nood. Great News, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, I bring,
A Traytor is diſcover'd, who deſign'd
To kill *Tom Thumb* with Poiſon.

King. Ha! ſay you?

Nood. A Girl had dreſs'd her Monkey in his Habit,
And that was poiſoned by miſtake for *Thumb.*

King. Here are Phyſicians for you, whoſe nice Art
Can take a dreſs'd up Monkey for a Man.
Come to my Arms, my deareſt Son-in-Law!
Happy's the wooing, that's not long a doing;

Proceed

Proceed we to the Temple, there to tye
The burning Bridegroom to the bluſhing Bride.
And if I gueſs aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a new *Tom Thumb*.

Thumb. It ſhall be my Endeavour ſo to do.

Hunc. O fie upon you, Sir, you make me bluſh.

Thumb. It is the Virgin's ſign, and ſuits you well—
I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
I'm ſo tranſported, I have loſt my ſelf.

Hunc. Forbid it, all the Stars; for you're ſo ſmall,
That were you loſt, you'd find your ſelf no more.
So the unhappy Sempſtreſs, once, they ſay,
Her Needle in a Pottle, loſt, of Hay.
In vain ſhe look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan;
For ah! the Needle was for ever gone.

King. Long may ye live, and love, and propagate,
'Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.
So when the *Cheſhire*-Cheeſe a Maggot breeds,
Another and another ſtill ſucceeds;
By thouſands and ten thouſands they encreaſe,
Till one continu'd Maggot fills the rotten Cheeſe.

SCENE IX.

Manent Phyſicians.

1 *Phyſ*. Pray, Doctor *Church-yard*, what is your *Peripiluſis?* I did not care to own my Ignorance to the King; but I never heard of ſuch a Diſtemper before.

2 *Phyſ*. Truly, Doctor *Fillgrave*, it is more nearly allied to the *Diaphormane* than you imagine—and when you know the one, you will not be very far from finding out the other. But it is now paſt Ten; I muſt haſte to Lord *Weekleys*, for he'll be dead before Eleven, and ſo I ſhall loſe my Fee.

1 *Phyſ*. Doctor, your Servant. [*Exeunt ſeverally*.

SCENE X.

Enter Queen *ſola*.

How am I forc'd to wander thus alone,
As if I were the *Phœnix* of my Kind;

Tom Thumb is loſt —— yet *Hickathrift* remains,
And *Hickathrift*'s as great a Man as *Thumb*.
But he then our Gallant —— but ha! what Noiſe
Comes trav'ling onward, bellowing as loud
As Thunder rumbling through th' Ætherial Plains?

SCENE XI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers*.

King. Open the Priſons, ſet the Wretched free,
And bid our Treaſurer diſburſe Six Pounds
To pay their Debts. — Let no one weep to-day.
Come, my fair Conſort, ſit thee down by me.
Here ſeated, let us view the Dancers Sport;
Bid them advance. —— This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princeſs *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*.

Dance, *Epithalamium*, and Sports.

SCENE *The Laſt*.

Noodle, King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers*.

Nood. Oh monſtrous! dreadful! terrible! Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes,
Dumb be my Tongue, Feet lame, all Senſes loſt.
King. What does the Blockhead mean?
Nood. Whilſt from my Garret
I look'd abroad into the Street below,
I ſaw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice Twenty Shoe-boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen, and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;
When on the ſudden through the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the uſual Size,
And in a Moment, gueſs, oh! gueſs the reſt,
And in a Moment ſwallow'd up *Tom Thumb*.
King. Horrible indeed!
Ld *Griz*. Swallowed ſhe him alive?
Nood. Alive, alive, Lord *Grizzle*; ſo the Boys
Of Fiſhmongers do ſwallow Gudgeons down.

Ld *Griz*.

Ld *Griz.* Curſe on the Cow that took my Vengeance from me. [*Aſide.*

King. Shut up again the Priſons, bid my Treſaurer
Not give three Farthings out —— hang all the *Culprits*,
Guilty or not — no matter. —— Raviſh Virgins,
Go bid the School-maſters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parſons, and Phyſicians looſe,
To rob, impoſe on, and to kill the World.

Ghoſt of Tom Thumb *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Tom Thumb I am — but am not eke alive:
My Body's in the Cow, my Ghoſt is here.

Griz. Thanks, O ye Stars, my Vengeance is reſtor'd,
Nor ſhalt thou fly me —— for I'll kill thy Ghoſt.
[*Kills the Ghoſt.*

Hunc. O barbarous Deed! — I will revenge him ſo.
[*Kills* Griz.

Dood. Ha! *Grizzle* kill'd —— then Murtheress beware. [*Kills* Hunc.

Queen. O Wretch! — have at thee. [*Kills* Dood.

Nood. And have at thee too. [*Kills the* Queen.

Cle. Thou'ſt kill'd the Queen. [*Kills* Nood.

Muſt. And thou haſt kill'd my Lover. [*Kills* Cle.

King. Ha! Murtheress vile, take that. [*Kills* Muſt:
And take thou this. [*Kills himſelf, and falls.*

So when the Child whom Nurſe from Miſchief guards,
Sends *Jack* for Muſtard with a Pack of Cards;
Kings, Queens and Knaves, throw one another down,
'Till the whole Pack lies ſcatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our Pack upon the Floor is caſt,
And all I boaſt is, that I fall the laſt. [*Dies.*

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F I N I S.